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OUR MOTTO—"EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL."

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A Rare Gem Re-Set.

Our Friendship's like the Evergreen.

BY ELIZA COOK.
Some liken their love to the beautiful rose,
And some to the violet sweet in the shade;
But the Flower-Queen dies, the summer-day goes,
And the blue eye shuts up when the spring blossoms
fade!
So we'll choose for our emblem a sturdier thing,
We will go to the mountain and worship its tree;
Then a health to the Cedar—the Evergreen King,
Like that Evergreen so shall our Friendship be!
The perfume it carries is deeply concealed,
[part;
Not a breath of rich scent will its branches in-
But how lasting and pure is the odor revealed!
In the inmost and deepest recess of its heart!
It groweth in might and it liveth right long;
And the longer it liveth the nobler the tree;
Then a health to the Cedar, the true and the strong,
Like the Evergreen so shall our Friendship be!
It remaineth unscathed in the deluge of light,
When the flood of the sun-flood is pouring around
And as firmly and bravely it meeteth the night,
With the storm-torrent laden, and thunder-cloud
crowned.
And so shall all change that fortune can bring,
Find our spirits unaltered and staunch as the tree
Then a health to the Cedar—the Evergreen King,
Like that Evergreen so shall our Friendship be!

A Tale of the Antilles.

The Stolen Bride.
BY MRS. L. J. FROST.
CHAPTER I.

At the close of a sultry day in golden August, a carriage might have been seen slowly wending its way over a rough and dreary road, that led through deep ravines, and wild mountain passes, up to the city of M. The vehicle contained Lord Manville and lady, their daughter Eleanor and her accepted future husband, Sir Charles Dalton. A shadow of anxiety rested on each countenance, for the shades of night were fast falling, and the darkness of evening was deepened by thick, angry clouds that shaded the still mountain path, threatening to shower their contents upon the travellers. Suddenly a bright flash of lurid lightning gleaming for a moment through the pass, but only to render the darkness more intense after its departure. "Nero," said Lord Manville to the coachman, "how far have we to travel before reaching the city?" "Ten miles, sir; over ascending road, so that for the next two miles, at least, the horses can do no better than walk!" "Use all possible speed, for I don't much like the thought of passing the night in this lone place, especially since the last reports of its inhabitants reached my ear." "Of whom do you speak? not the Banditti?" exclaimed the terrified ladies. "The same! but we hope they are now far from here," said Lord Manville, noticing their alarm. At this moment a peal of thunder that seemed to rend the very mountains rolled over them, and a flash even brighter than its predecessors for a moment lighted up the dreary pathway. What was the consternation of the driver to see before them, and standing directly in their way, an armed horseman! he was evidently waiting their approach. It needed not a second view to tell the watchful servant that the Brigands were before them. Anxious, if possible, to escape, and not wishing to alarm the inmates of the carriage sooner than necessary, he quickly and quickly turned about, and with lightning speed dashed down the hill. So sudden and unexpected had been this movement, and so deep the darkness that succeeded the flash that only by the noise made by the descending carriage did the robber know of their retreat; but another flash showed to the pursuer the pursued, and blowing a shrill whistle, he was joined by eight or ten of his confederates, and together they dashed wildly after their victims. However, that moment's delay gave to the carriage the advantage, and hope sprang up in the heart of its occupants, who by this time were apprised of their dangerous situation. Again the vivid light flashed! Again rolled the mighty thunder. Then came a fearful crash, and the horses could be urged no farther. Lord Manville sprang out, and the servant told him that a huge tree had fallen across the road, and that the brigands were upon them. The ladies were senseless from fear, and Sir

Charles was about to propose a retreat into the forest, when the sound of the robber's horses prancing on all sides, told them any attempt to escape would prove futile; a moment more, and Lord Manville and Sir Charles were roughly bound. "What want you Sir Brigand, of us belated travellers?" asked Lord Manville, "if it is our money, take it, and let us go safely on our way; our lives could be of no service to you, except to add another stain to your already black soul!" "Lord Manville, I am no stranger to you, though in this thick darkness you may not recognize me. 'Tis not your life or gold of which I would rob you, but something that to you may be, and to me certainly is, of far greater value. Do you not remember Don Pedro, the rejected suitor of the fair Eleanor Manville? I am he, and the time of my revenge is at hand; mine she shall be, and never another's." "Merciful God! save my child!" exclaimed Lord Manville, while the hue of death rested on his lip and brow, for he well knew into whose hands his daughter had fallen—and the vilest miscreant. Don Pedro now seized the insensible form of Eleanor, and springing upon his fiery steed, thus addressed Sir Charles and Lord Manville: "You, gentlemen, can now be liberated, and proceed unmolested on your journey, or turn you homeward, for of what use is the wedding without the bride! Ha! ha! ha! you see I am aware of the intent of your journey. But, Sir Dalton, you may choose another bride if it please you, for her you will never wed!" "Nor you, vile wretch, while Dalton lives! and were I not thus pinioned, your worthless life should pay the forfeit of your insulting hands," replied Sir Charles; but the last sentence was lost upon the ear of the retreating Don Pedro, now known as Captain De Casto among his followers; for his fearless steed was fast bearing away the tiger and his prey unto his mountain fastness. O, Eleanor! would that the pure heart might be spared the wild grief of thy dread awaking!

Two years previous to the date of my story, Don Pedro had visited the village of R—, with the assumed name and garb of a gentleman; this village was about twenty miles from the before mentioned city of M—, and was the summer residence of the fashionable, who wished remission from the foibles of the city life. Lord Manville and family were among the number who had sought this calm retreat. Don Pedro's gentlemanly appearance and rich dress, added to really fine features, soon rendered him the favorite of the fashionable circle; and at a grand levee given by the elite of the place, he first met Eleanor Manville. He was captivated by her beauty, and delighted with her manners, but more by her reputed wealth; and he determined to carry off the prize. He was never a favorite with Eleanor, for from the first time they met, she had ever felt an instinctive dread of his presence. They met often at gay parties, and his very obsequious attention always greatly annoyed her; however, she was obliged to receive them kindly, though from close observation of his character, she discovered many observations which were disagreeable to her. At length he proposed to the father for his daughter's hand. Lord Manville replied that his daughter's good sense must decide the case—and referred him to her. Don Pedro a little chagrined at his cool reception from the father, delayed a few days before proposing to the Lady Eleanor herself; but when he did so, what was his mortification, anger, and disappointment, at receiving a prompt and full denial! Eleanor, at the same time, expressed a wish that he would intrude no more into her presence, especially in her father's mansion, and if they met elsewhere they must meet as strangers. Don Pedro left the house forever, swearing vengeance and revenge on the inmates. The following day he left the village, and the Manvilles had heard nothing of him up to the eve we first introduced him to the reader. Shortly after his departure, Eleanor met the noble Sir Charles Dalton, a man every way worthy of her esteem, and after a short acquaintance, they were betrothed. On the evening they were overtaken by the robbers they were on their way to the city where the marriage ceremony was to be performed on the following morning. Don Pedro, it seems, had joined himself to the brigands, that he might the easier carry out his plan of revenge; and lurking near the village, he had heard the plan of the journey to the city, and determined to intercept them on the way. The reader knows well how his fiendish plot has succeeded.

CHAPTER II.
We will now return to Eleanor, whom we left being borne rapidly over the mountains on the swift charger of Captain De Casto. When she returned to consciousness, she could not realize what had passed, and thought it some terrible dream; but the delusion was quickly dissipated. The apartment in which she found herself, was fitted up and furnished with costly magnificence,

and wax tapers shed a brilliant light throughout the room. She was lying upon a rich crimson sofa, and a shawl of rare material, brilliantly wrought, enveloped her slender form; whatever might have been her doubts as to her situation, she was not long left in suspense; for suddenly a door opened, and De Casto stood before her. He was richly dressed, and evidently had made his toilet with much care. Had Eleanor met him a stranger, elsewhere, she might have thought him, at least, good looking, but the last evening's tragedy was yet fresh in her remembrance, and she looked upon him with utter hatred and contempt, not altogether unmixed with fear. As soon as he entered, she sprang from her recumbent position, and thus addressed him: "Oh, Don Pedro! if one spark of humanity yet lingers in your hardened heart, be not all stone; by that love you once said you bore me, I conjure you, take me to my father, if he be yet spared from death by your bloody hand!" "Fair Eleanor, henceforth call De Casto, if you please, for that is my rights name; your father is living, and safe, in his far-off home; but you, fair one, cannot go to him. I once said I loved you; I did, but my love was rejected, and I swore revenge; you are now wholly in my power, so much so, that no hand on earth can free you from me! Listen, consent to be my bride." "Never! Never!" cried Eleanor, "will I be the bride of De Casto!" She drew up her slender form to its utmost height, and a wild fire flashed from her sparkling eyes, beneath whose glance even De Casto quailed. He threw upon her a look of mingled passion and admiration, love and hatred, and left the room, saying, as he did so— "I give you two days in which to decide your fate; consider!" Eleanor firmly resolved never to yield to his design; and falling upon her knees, she implored her Heavenly Father to give her strength to resist each temptation, and her deliverance from this living tomb. Time flew quickly, far too quickly for the wretched Eleanor, who dreaded the expiration of the two days in which she was commanded to "consider." At length the third morning came, bright and beautiful, though no rays of its light or beauty entered the dreary cave of the robber. The taper's gleam still fell upon the pale features of Eleanor, and as she rose from her morning devotions, she seemed like a stray angel rather than an imprisoned child of earth-land! With one fair hand she swept back the heavy tresses of dark, wavy hair from her marble brow, and calmly sat her down to await her fate. An hour had not elapsed when the massive door opened, and De Casto stood before her. As he entered, he paused midway of the apartment, and gazed imploringly upon her. She, too, arose, and fixed her sparkling eyes full upon him, met his gaze of admiration unmoved, while there flashed over her features a look of determination, that told him he had not a feeble, frightened woman merely, before him. A moment passed thus and the better feelings of his heart were stirred; but those feelings soon gave way and the demon of revenge again rankled in his bosom. He thus addressed her: "Beautiful Eleanor, listen! the time has arrived that must decide your fate. I love you truly, and will gladly make you my bride—think well ere you reply." Eleanor's pale features seemed lighted up with more than angelic radiance, as clasping her thin, white hands, and raising her dark eyes heavenward, she firmly said— "As Heaven is my witness, I will die, ere I become yours!" Frantic with rage, De Casto sprang toward her, and clasping her slender form, he was about to pollute those pure lips with a kiss of passion, when suddenly the sound of many voices fell upon his ear, and immediately the door was thrown open, and a large number of armed men entered the room. Eleanor gave one wild scream, and fell fainting in the arms of Sir Charles Dalton. On the first alarm De Casto had fled through a secret door; he was immediately pursued by Dalton who left Eleanor in the care of her delighted father. De Casto took refuge in a small private room of the cave, from which there was no outlet except the one by which he entered, but he little dreamed that his retreat would be discovered. Dalton soon found him, and commanded him to draw his sword; he did so, and a dreadful contest ensued. The one fought for his affianced bride and the protection of innocence, the other was spurred on by the demon of Revenge. But the former was fated to be the victor, and by a skillful thrust of his sword, he brought De Casto to the earth a bleeding corpse. His last words were a curse upon Dalton and the victorious Eleanor. A deadly contest had meanwhile been carried on between Dalton's men and De Casto's band, but as the latter had not the presence or voice of their captain to cheer them on, the former were successful. The few remaining Brigands fled over the mountains and were never after seen. Lord Manville and Sir Charles carried home the peerless Eleanor in triumph.

Thank Heaven, I see my dear home

once more!" exclaimed Eleanor, as they rode leisurely through the park that surrounded her father's stately mansion, and she added, "O, father! why did you and Charles leave me so long in that dreadful place?" "My child, we came as quickly as possible to your rescue, but we had hard work to find out the villain's retreat. The lion chose his den within that mountain fastness—but we baulked him of his prey, and cleared the country of its greatest scourge."

Miscellaneous Reading.

Romantic Incident.

THE LOST HAND.
A paper printed at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, gave an account last fall of a grievous misfortune to a young girl 13 years old named Meta Taylor. She was running to cross the railroad track, when she stumbled and fell. Just at that moment the cars of the New Brunswick road came up, and the locomotive cut off her left hand which lay over the rail. In the confusion of the moment, the hand was not picked up; and finally, when it was looked for, it could not be found. It was feared some animal had carried it off, and this thought was very distressing to the mother of the girl, as well as to Meta herself. Last week the lost hand was recovered as follows: A young man from Elizabethtown happened to call on a friend of his at a boarding house in Eighth street, New York. On the shelf in the room he saw a glass jar with a pretty little hand suspended in it, preserved in spirits. It had a ring on the third finger and was in every respect a lady like looking hand. He thought at once of the lost hand in Elizabethtown, but he did not suspect that this was the one. On asking his friend whose hand it was, he was told that it came from the Medical College, as his room-mate was a medical student. The young man thought no more of the matter until he got home, when he mentioned what he had seen.—His sister told him that Meta Taylor's lost hand had a ring on the third finger, which she described. This ring was exactly like that on the hand in the jar. The sequel may be told in a few words. Meta Taylor came over to New York along with her mother and the young man above alluded to. Proceeding at once to the house in Eighth street, she recognized the preserved hand in the jar as her long lost member.—The Student gave it up very cheerfully, assuring the young girl that he had bought it of a person who supplied bodies to the Medical College. It is suspected, however, that he stole the hand himself as he was known to have been down at New Brunswick about the time the hand was cut off, and was probably a passenger in the cars that very day. Altogether this is the most singular case ever recorded. No prosecution of the young student will be made, as both parties separated on the most friendly terms after the hand was given to its fair owner.

Longers.

Laziness is a great evil. The truth is clearly evinced by the conduct of two many of our species. Idleness is bad enough of itself in all conscience, but when men are not satisfied with idling away their own time, and are found annoying their friends and acquaintances by frequent and lengthy visits to their places of business, it is intolerable.—Young men, you who are just starting out on the theatre of life, do not let it be said of you as it has been truly said of some: "He has no energy." If you are out of employment, seek for it again; and if you do not succeed, still keep trying, and, our word for it, you will not fail to prosper. At any rate, do not weary the patience of your friends by sitting about their counting-houses and shops, yawning and wishing for that which is impossible. Depend upon it, a life of industry is the most cheerful and enviable situation in which you can be placed.

COME WHEN THE BIRDS SING.—Prof. Caldwell, of Dickinson College, a short time before his death, said to his wife: "You will not, I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep when I am gone. And when you visit the spot where I lie, do not choose a sad mournful time; do not go in the shades of evening or in the dark of night. These are no times to visit the grave of one who hopes and trusts in a risen Redeemer! Come, dear wife, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing!" What a beautiful illustration these words contain! Come in the morning of sunshine, when the notes of the harmless birds are heard; come not in the dark shades of evening, when the mournful notes of frogs and the troubled Whippoorwill will fill the graveyard! The former representing the glorious resurrection of the righteous, and the latter that of the wicked. Think of it!

The mouth of a wise woman is like a money-box which is seldom opened, so that much treasure comes forth from it.

THE wife who opposes wrath with kindness. A sand-bag will stop a cannon-ball by its yielding.

Education.

"He knoweth not the fearful risk Who inward light contemns."
Ma. SARA SMITH.
The only object we have in view in treating upon this common subject, on the present occasion, is simply to impress upon those who have the management of children, the vast importance of cultivating their minds and morals. We do not intend to enter into a discussion of the advantages of instructing them in the higher branches of knowledge, so much as imparting to them a plain, practical and useful education. The enlightened rich, as a general rule, are careful to bestow upon their children all the advantages which they can receive from the highest and best sources of mental cultivation. But how many others, with sufficient means, suffer their children to grow up, leaving the rich jewels of their minds to be obscured by the darkness of ignorance.—How many forget that the experience of the world has shown, that the proper culture of mind and morals affords the only foundation for enduring virtue, and solid happiness.

It is axiomatic, that the prosperity and stability of a republican State depends more upon the morality and intelligence of its people, than upon standing armies and cannon-mouthed fortifications.

But we come directly to our main object and appeal to parents and guardians, and ask them if they do not owe suitable intellectual culture to the longing spirits of their children and wards. Up a principles of personal loss or gain, or political economy, no intelligent man will doubt that education is cheaper than punishment. Ignorance and vice go together. The child may involve himself in crime, to rescue him from which may require a far greater sum than would have been requisite to have bestowed upon him suitable mental and moral culture, which would have placed him beyond the reach of criminality. The mind of the uneducated youth is dark, growing and timid. He associates perhaps, with those who have tasted of the sweet waters of knowledge, and feels ashamed of his ignorance and stupidity, when perchance, his own mind may have been susceptible of a brighter polish than those of any of his companions. Why is it that parents will condemn their children to this intellectual inferiority, amounting almost to social bondage.

We are not now urging it upon them that they should educate their children with a view to literary fame. We are not appealing to those who would probably have any aspirations for intellectual superiority, but to those who can and ought to appreciate the benefits incident to a good practical education. Such an education if offered to one, whose genius and natural abilities entitled him to sway the judgments and passions of men, would develop its rich resources and give it the foundation upon which to build its fame and glory in after life.

The ignorant youth grows around the low objects of his grosser senses, while the intelligent one looks abroad upon man and nature, and discovers a thousand cheering beauties all along the pathway of existence. The former gropes along the obscure track of vulgar ignorance, the slave of another's opinions, while the latter thinks for himself and enjoys the pleasure and privileges of an enlightened citizen and patriot. The educated child is free from vice, more dutiful to his parents, more respectable to the proper usages of life, and, as a citizen, will be infinitely more valuable to society than he, whose mind has been left to be overrun with the weeds and brambles of ignorance.

"O, there is moral might in this— My mind to me a kingdom is— Sound it in the ears of age, Stamp it on the printed page, Gladden sympathizing youth With the soft music of its truth. This echoed note of heavenly bliss My mind to me a kingdom is."—TURPIN.
Parents, who possess the ability to educate their children, ought certainly to feel the responsibility which rests upon them, as well from a due regard to society, as parental affection. We give food to the body because it is essential to life. We should also give sustenance to the mind, that our spiritual life may enjoy those fine, those delicate and subtle pleasures, which are unknown to intellects starved to barrenness. The cultivated mind possesses an innate sweetness of existence—an active, stirring, joyous principle, that cheers it alike in prosperity, in misfortune and adversity.

"Mind, mind alone, Is light and hope and power."—ELIOT.
[Georgia Home Gazette.]

HARD OF HEARING.—An old trick, says an Albany paper, was played on the sheriff at the present term of the court. He was short for jurors, and made a descent on the street. He accosted a gentleman well known in town, with, "I want you in court for a juror."—"Ha," replied the man, "speak a little louder." The sheriff pitched his voice into a high key, "I want you for a juror."—"Yes, yes," nodding his head very significantly, "it is a very fine day." The sheriff, taking him for a deaf man, bolted. The man placed his thumb to his nose, and went thro' the motions.

Reflection.

To accomplish much in the way that he has chosen, a man must be willing to be reproached with accomplishing little in other ways. During his life, people may complain of his omission; but after he is dead, they will praise what he has done.

Men begin life hoping to do better than their predecessors, and end it rejoicing if they have done as well.

Reason asks, can prayer influence God, who alone knows what is right, and never deviates from it? But it is certain that God sees only one right way of acting? Diversity of language springs from difficulty of intercourse and languages become blended as intercourse becomes easy.

To compare living men with dead ones, is like comparing fresh fruit with dry.

Men slowly learn how little they can do, and how careful they must be of their faculties and opportunities in order to do that little.

The world may be making progress, but the progress which principally concerns each one is that which fits him to exchange this world for a better one.

There are many good things in this world, but it is often difficult to get them, and easy to lose them and dangerous to use them.

Excepting virtue and vice, the points of difference between men are trifling compared with the points of resemblance.

A man sometimes retains his youth by doing little to make his manhood noticed.

NEVER DO TOO MUCH AT A TIME.—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in a lecture, lately, in England, gave the following history of his literary habits: Many persons seeing me so much engaged in active life, and as much about the world as if I had never been a student, have said to me, "when do you get the time to write all your books? How on earth do you contrive to do so much work?" I shall surprise you by the answer I make. The answer is this: "I contrive to do so much, by never doing too much at a time." A man, to get through work well must not overwork himself—or, if he do too much to do, re-action of fatigue will come, and he will be obliged to do too little to-morrow. Now, since I began really and earnestly to study, which was not till I had left college and was actually in the world, I may, perhaps, say, that I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have travelled much—I have mixed much in politics and in the various business of life, and, in addition to all this, I have published somewhere about sixty volumes, some upon subjects requiring much special research. And what time do you think, as a general rule, I have devoted to study—to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day; and, when Parliament is sitting, not always that. But then, during those hours I have given my whole attention to what I was about.

A GREAT TRAVELLER'S EXPERIENCE OF WOMAN.—I have observed among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like men, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenious; more liable, in general, to err than man, but in general also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churchy Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, I ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish.—Ledyard's Letters.

THE WIFE.—It is not unfrequent that a wife has to mourn over the alienated affections of her husband, because she has made no effort herself to strengthen and increase his attachment. She thinks because he once loved her he ought always to love her; and she neglects those attentions which engaged his heart. Many a wife is thus the cause, of her own neglect and sorrow. The woman deserves not a husband's love who will not greet him with smiles when he returns home from the labors of the day; who will not try to chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful heart. There is not one husband in a thousand so unfeeling as to be capable of withstanding such an influence, and of breaking away from such a home. To be employed is to be happy.